

FROM OUT  
THE  
SHADOWS.



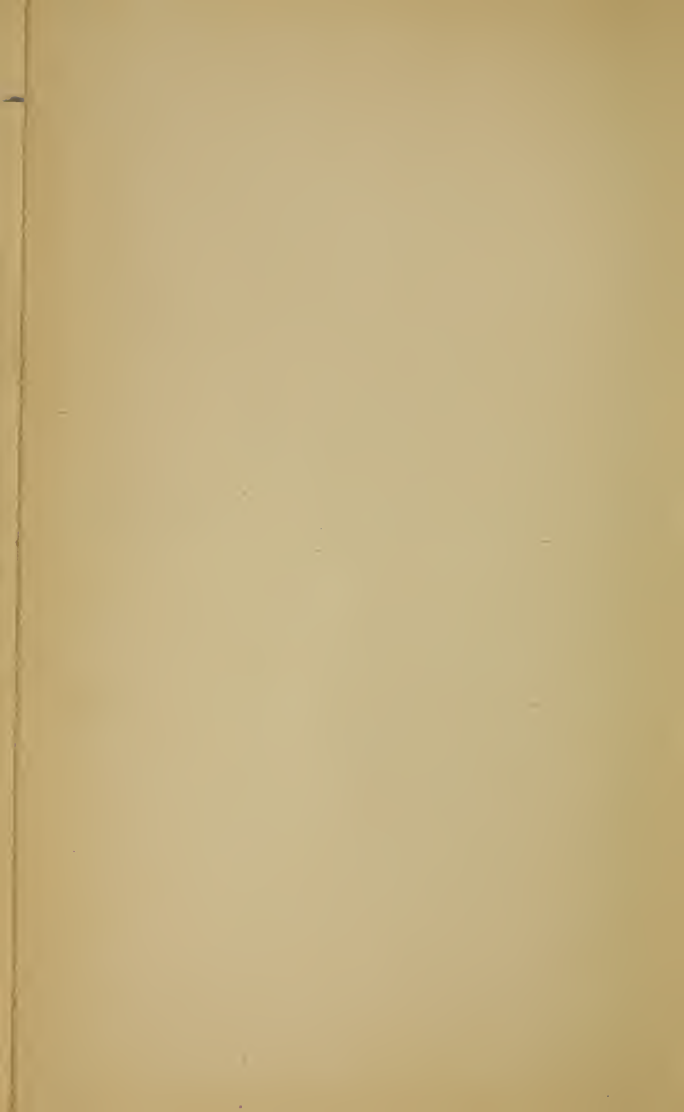
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*Poetry is PARABLE, transfigured in the  
grandest lights and shadows of expression.*

—THE AUTHOR.





# From Out the Shadows.



*George G. Morrison*  
Geo. G. Morrison.

*Am.*

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# FROM OUT THE SHADOWS.



## DISILLUSIONED.

THE noblest efforts long appear  
Entangled in a web of sneers ;  
The price of what we clasp most dear  
Is paid in pain or secret tears.

Achievement wears a bleeding crown,  
And holds it close, but dare not cry,  
Lest mobs of envy tear it down,  
And crush the wearer with a lie.

The magnetism of high art  
Lies in the mystic glance of pain ;  
Love's beauties greater force impart,  
When eyes a shade of sadness gain.

*From Out the Shadows.*

Pain is the primal element,  
A lesion in life's fairest fruit ;  
Of birth and death, the sacrament ;  
Beyond e'en hope with pain is mute.

The slime of sin-heredity,  
Must curse the helpless unborn soul,  
Whose life brings no immunity  
To save from sinister control.

The race swims in a suffering sea,  
Swift-rushing, turbid, evil tide ;  
O'er crunched and drowning souls that plea,  
Sarcastic mammon's steamers glide.

Few reach the far off lying shores  
Of verdant isles of purity ;  
No mammon-ship these isles explores,  
The airs sigh of eternity.

We yearn and strive to clutch a star,  
But fall in reeking sensual mud,  
And blindly strain our eyes afar,  
While worse than beasts chew passion's cud.

*From Out the Shadows.*

We lamely reason by the force  
Left in the ages—tangled lore,  
Split creeds in labyrinthine course  
Whose puny wisdom runs to war.

Great genius master though it be,  
Sways with a fitful, magic rod ;  
The higher powers but laugh to see  
A combination fool and god.

To worship beauty, is to love ;  
But love brings war twixt peace and storm ;  
The fiends of hell or saints above  
Are roused by grace of soul or form.

'Tis yearning of the higher soul  
To live with purity and feast ;  
'Tis passion rising to control  
And fill the sense with glut of beast.

True merit comes in unknown garb,  
To greetings of loud scoffs and hate ;  
Misunderstood, receives the barb  
Contempt,—stands grandly isolate.

*From Out the Shadows.*

Defying custom, genius awes ;  
But talent smoothes the public pate ;  
The one will build, and scorn all laws ;  
The one will copy, not create.

I am but finite, yet I know  
That wrong and suffering dominate ;  
That knowledge, goodness, but bestow  
High pain to the importunate.

Though finite cannot hope to know  
The fullness of the Infinite,  
Forgiven must be the soul, I trow ,  
Whose truth-wrought strength cannot admit

With an unyielding glad assent,  
That wisdom girts its fateful sphere ;  
Creeds can but wrench acknowledgement  
By threatened force, debasing fear.

Truth has a bitter, madding taste ;  
A dish few tables ever see ;  
We roll and knead a sweetened paste  
Of unctuous lies—diplomacy.



**HELL.**

**H**AVE I just died? Am I then dead?  
Was that the vesture of my soul,  
That form so still upon the bed?  
How strange! 'Tis now beyond control

Of I, myself, the ego, I ;  
Nor I, nor they who near me weep  
Can hear my voice ; no tones supply  
Me, I am silence, sentient, deep.

I writhe and mouthe to make them hear  
And see and know, that I still live ;  
No human sign I see to cheer  
This I, my body's fugitive.

An icy coldness wraps me o'er ;  
I feel more nude than naked birth ;  
And through vast loneliness I soar  
To leave behind the distant earth.

*From Out the Shadows.*

Through mighty distances I flit,  
Impelled by some o'er-powering force ;  
Through seas of darkness, realms unlit  
By any blazing system's course.

I hear as if from booming caves  
The most stupendous ocean hurled,  
The swish and sough of ether waves,  
The rushing surge of world on world.

Then out into bewildering light  
I pass unscathed through myriad flames  
That leap a million leagues through night,  
Engirdling suns in aureole frames.

And on and on, from realm to realm,  
No sign or guide to teach which way,  
While creeping horrors grow and whelm  
In wild, maniacal dismay.

All weird, around, beneath, above ;  
A poise in vastness and suspense ;  
A quenchless thirst for lore and love ;  
A gnawing, phrensied impotence.

*From Out the Shadows.*

How fearfully I am alone ;  
A crying shadow of a voice  
Afloat upon a soundless moan ;  
Despair and pain, alternate choice.

Oh, where am I, and when will end  
This ceaseless panoramic gloom ?  
Oh where is God ? Does this portend  
Eternal banishment,—my doom ?

Oh Christ ! Oh Hell ! Oh vast Profound !  
From out this insane silence, give  
A whisper, just a breath of sound  
That something, some one, knows I live.

But lo ! out on the inky deep,  
There floats a cloud of trembling gold,  
And from it, subtle perfumes sweep  
Around me, in an odorus fold.

With happy eagerness I speed  
Toward the grandly growing light ;  
But near its rays, I shrink, recede  
From angel faces, pure and bright.

*From Out the Shadows.*

I feel myself with blackness fraught ;  
My instincts me to flight compel ;  
Wrapped in a pall of anguished thought,  
I know it now, yes, this is Hell.

LOVE OF A LOST SOUL.

**F**AR out on the ebon billows of night,  
In the wastes of gloom, beyond the light  
Of the suns that plunge through the ether  
sea,

Where only souls that are lost can be,  
A spirit all hopeless and aimless kept,  
I float and careen, am tossed and swept.

I have fled from the loathesome, jeering  
taunts

Of the damned who crowd their evil haunts;  
From the depths of filth of the foulest hell,  
The moral slime, and the ribald yell ;  
From the gloating hate, and the flaunting  
shame,

The conscience lost to a vile acclaim ;  
From the souls still lovely in unmasked sin,  
And grovelling souls most horrible, in  
A leprously rotten and helpless vice ;

*From Out the Shadows.*

From the angels that fell from Paradise,  
And who bear the blight of their awful  
doom,  
With stately pride and majestic gloom.

And here in solitudes frightingly vast,  
I am from Heaven and Hell, outcast ;  
Too tainted for Heaven, too good for Hell,  
I roll in the heaving ebb and swell,  
Of a sea of horror that has no shore.

Oh God, must I forever implore  
In vain, to be with the souls that are pure ?  
Can no anguished wail from Hell, conjure  
A glimmer of hope, a merciful ray,  
Of Thy omnipotence, o'er my way ?  
If Infinite, surely Thou wilt dare ;  
Thou Christ, if Infinite, hear my prayer ?

I feel the strong touch of a mighty wind,  
In downy streamers about me twined ;  
Resistless I speed through the sable void,  
By a soothing languor of rest, convoyed ;

*From Out the Shadows.*

Through measureless vastness courses my  
flight ;  
At last far off, bright flashes of light,  
Cut the ambient black in sparkling streaks,  
And swift yet swifter my spirit seeks  
The realms where the heavens have burst  
aglow,  
And on my enraptured vision, now,  
In splendor of jewelled, scintillant streams,  
The radiant City Celestial gleams.

I pause by the glittering gates wide swung,  
And dazzled by glories lavishly flung ;  
I feel as if saturate with delight,  
Bewildered with joys that in me unite ;  
Hell's robe of gloom—horror is lost, I'm  
free,  
And I strain my eyes, the grandeur to see,  
While naked and black I stand in the rays,  
and angels behold with pitied amaze.

And one of the noblest I see, and near ,  
The being I loved in another sphere ;

*From Out the Shadows.*

Can sadness find place in the realm of  
Heaven?

Do never-forgotten memories leaven  
The souls of the pure with sorrowful sigh,  
The sigh and the wonder murmuring why  
Omnipotence holds a soul from a soul,  
The measure of each a mournful dole?

Perhaps 'tis but a reflection I see  
Cast on her beautiful face from me ;  
A tinge of my erstwhile weltering pain,  
A glimmering shade of my shadowing bane.

Her eyes have a strange mesmeric power,  
That look me through, and I cringe and  
cower  
From her strength of soul, and pitying  
glance,  
Which station me without utterance.

Her wish to draw near, I feel through me  
thrill,  
I move as if forced by a stronger will,  
And lean by the wall, within the great gate,  
And shiver to note all our unlike state.



*From Out the Shadows.*

In Hell, how I yearned for Heaven and  
prayed,  
And now when in Heaven I am dismayed ;  
The sweet love ennobling of olden years ;  
I know is but hopeless in sodden tears ;  
An ectasied pain is now only mine,  
The pain of a love, wild beyond define.

Her tones are mellifluous music caught  
From her flashing strains of plays of  
thought ;  
The grandeur of sadness vibrates them all,  
To me, a joyous torturing thrall ;  
And I dumbly gaze in her tender eyes,—  
“ Oh God, what I've lost, I realize ! ”

Sensations are by sensation amassed ;  
I feel as though myriad aeons passed ;  
I crouch at her feet, yet I cannot stay,  
All my unfitness pulls me away ;  
'Tis love all as futile to catch a star,  
For my soul's own mandates myself debar ;  
My inexpressible sorrows but spell  
“ Unhappy in Heaven, horror in Hell.”

*From Out the Shadows.*

A lingering look, a quivering cry,  
A-hugging my pain I flutter by  
The gates, and plunge in an infinite steep  
Descent through the black abyssmal deep.

LOVE'S DEPTH.

PART I.

**A**N ANGEL stood by the river of life ;  
The tips of her wings kissed the  
limped flow,  
Which, quivering in gladness, thrilled by  
the touch,  
Returned the caress with its plashing drops,  
And jewelled her pinions with glittering  
dew.

Her coronal hair in shimmering strands  
And meshes of glory, heavenly spun,  
Falls past the sweet contour of the white  
neck,  
To joyously nestle between her wings,  
And touch the soft plumes with teasing  
delight.

*From Out the Shadows.*

A sadness, a pathos misting her eyes,  
As vapor of dew o'er a lilac bloom  
Distils from the flower a sweeter perfume,  
Her spirit glows fairer, grander, because  
She yearns in her soul for one who is lost.

Oh where in the realms of hell's vast domain  
Is hidden the soul of him whom she loved  
On earth ; for the tendrils of love still cling  
Entwined round her soul with memory's  
    leaves  
E'en though by the waters of Heaven's great  
    stream.

Can love, the soul-magnet, draw in its  
    strength  
A spirit of hell to one of the pure,  
Redeeming the foul by touch with the clean?  
Can streams crystal clear, undimmed still  
    remain  
When streams of pollution mingle with  
    them?

*From Out the Shadows.*

PART II.

Far out through the ether seas, shoots a light  
That stains with a heavenly glory, the vast;  
Entrailing a course of brilliance in waves,  
Which pass on their crests in splendor  
divine  
The form of an angel sweeping the void.

A song of a tremulo gladness floats out,  
Not strong, but more sweet, because of a  
tone  
Mayhap that was dipped in an unshed cry;  
A tremble of joy, a grandeur of pain  
A-pulse with the hope and fear of its love.

The force of a thought cleaves adamant hell,  
And shakes into heed Creation's regard;—  
The souls of the pure, the souls of the  
damned,  
Aghast, feel the mission bursting such  
bounds;  
And God and the fiend cannot stay a will.

*From Out the Shadows.*

PART III.

A star in the vast, a home of the damned ;  
A planet long dead, the ashes of life.  
A light as a twilight comes from its souls.  
The spirits of evil imitate truth  
With palaces twin to Heaven's design.

The dominant hosts of envy and hate,  
The spirits diseased by crimes of their  
thoughts,  
The throngs of the loveless, selfish and foul ;  
The blaspheming forces strong as the seas,  
Who thunder against the rule of all life.

Convened is all hell in awe of approach  
Of one of great Heaven's grandest estate,  
An angel supreme in beauty and love,  
Who splinters the void with light of her soul,  
Effulgently winging her course to hell.

She walking their midst, their eyes fall  
abashed,  
And furtively glare, when from them she  
moves ;

*From Out the Shadows.*

But straight to her love she glides with a  
smile,  
So radiant, tender, hopefully strong,  
He falls at her feet bewildered with shame.

A pity divine, so pure and so vast,  
Tumultuously sweeps through hell from her  
soul,  
And makes her to glow with beauty so  
grand,  
It dazzles to fear the fiends who crouch low,  
Appalled at the splendor lighting her form.

Then quivers through hell, the sweetness of  
love,  
And hell is a—tremble thrilled with its  
joy,—  
Supernal delight from purity's touch ;  
They yearn, but they shrink, and reel as if  
drunk,  
Then fiercely curse God for giving them life.

*From Out the Shadows.*

PART IV.

The angel of light, and he of the dark  
Full handsome stained soul, close mantled  
with sin

Together through hell, o'er perilous ways,  
Walk glamoured with love, unmindful of  
all

The gaze of the lost who watch them afar.

His shame part forgot, awakens his touch,  
Emboldened through union, brushes her  
wings,

Which scatter o'er him impalpable dust  
Of heavenly thoughts, so sparkingly white  
He glistens angelic, radiates love.

Her full lucent eyes, flash stronger with  
hope,

Redemption may win from hell, hell itself ;  
They merge in a kiss ; she shivers a dread ;  
He, fired with rapture, grows wild in delight ;  
A plume from her wing falls lustreless,—  
breaks.



*From Out the Shadows.*

Another, and more of them breaking, fall,  
The smile on her parted lips is so sweet,  
Her eyes glancing mystical dreams of love,  
She knows not her loss; she knows not her  
    light,  
Is paling before his dark—shadowed soul.

His spirit absorbs her purity, like  
Damp pavements dispel the first fall of  
    snow;  
And time all unheeded, measureless flies,  
Till waking to realization, see  
Each other from all illusionment stripped.

The canker of shame, the nausea of sin,  
Like vomit which belching, inward remains,  
Again in him burn; he turns to her gaze;  
He loves her white soul yet smoulderingly  
    hates  
Its purity, since his own is so black.

The planes of the soul, are ever apart;  
Perfection will cloy to imperfect souls;

*From Out the Shadows.*

The high may reach deep, but depth scoffs  
the height;  
They meet with a touch, recoil with a bound;  
So evil can never fathom true love.

PART V.

A shout like the boom of a mighty storm  
—surf  
Reverberates hell with cavernous roar;  
A pæn concentrated into a note;  
A note that vibrates the gamut of wild  
Demonic joy, untrammelled, supreme.

For hell is triumphant, heaven o'erthrown,  
The angel of light debased in her love,  
She stands by his side in splashes of black,  
And he, all aroused in shame of his deed,  
Defiant hurls back the powers of sin.

A fiend for an angel, battling 'gainst hell;  
A host of the evil crushing him down;  
His hell is more keen; her hell, but begun;

*From Out the Shadows.*

She writhes in her pain, as jeering they  
pluck,  
The plumes from her pinions softer than  
down.

But swift o'er the scene, a wide shaft of  
light,  
From heaven descends, illumines her form,  
The fiends cower back, she cries out with  
joy,  
Uplifting her arms in gladness for flight,—  
But stripped are her wings, no weight can  
they bear.

The light slowly fades. In anguish she  
turns  
And sobs,—“I, unclean, Oh God! all un-  
clean ;  
She stumbles o'er him whose love lost her  
all ;  
But he, in a frenzied hatred 'gainst God,  
Uprises and strikes her full with his force.

*From Out the Shadows.*

Her eyes on him fixed with sorrow that  
pleads

More strongly in look than speech can ex-  
press

She slowly sinks down, and tremblingly  
breathes

A sigh semi-cloaking infinite woe,—

Forsaken by heaven, scorned by all hell.

## BATTLE OF MANILA BAY.

**O**UT of the West they come, they come,  
Ships of the grandest of Freedom's  
race,  
Treading the billows with noiseless grace ;  
Out of the darkness into the dawn,  
American hearts, American brawn,  
With memory of the Maine to urge,  
And strength of an outraged God to scourge,  
For a Cuba, tortured, helpless, dumb.

Into the East they go, they go ;  
Forts of the enemy belching death,  
Hate of the fiends in their heated breath ;  
Out of the darkness into the dawn  
Where battleships of the foe are drawn  
In the haughtiest line of Spanish pride ;  
But the ships of the Stars unswerving ride  
With a graceful speed to doom the foe.

*From Out the Shadows.*

Into the flash, and smoke, and roar,  
Swinging deploys from a master mind  
Setting the aim of the foemen blind ;  
Out of the darkness into the dawn,  
The fate of a nation frightfully drawn  
Through resistless shot, death-scattering  
    shell,  
The terrible grandeur of thunderous Hell,  
The convincing voice of the cannon-boom,  
In unerring bolt, through the smoking  
    gloom,  
By a justice roused as n'er before.

Back from the smoke-cleared, wreck-strewn  
    bay,  
Back from the carnage of victory,  
Grimly our black powdered heroes see  
Sunken and burning and shattered, the fleet,  
(Annihilation, more than defeat)  
Of the once proud, stiff-necked, ruthless race,  
That had splashed the world with foul dis-  
    grace  
By its bloodful crimes of savage sway.

*From Out the Shadows.*

Honor them, heroes, of the age ;  
Write on the scroll of the nation's fame,  
Letters that give to our Dewey's name,  
Deeds that a hero only can dare,  
Deeds, and a name that will ever compare  
With Porter, Decatur, Farragut, Jones ;  
A scroll to tremble the tyrant thrones  
Of the world, when they their tyrannies  
wage.

TO A VOLUME OF OWEN  
MEREDITH.

**W**ITHIN these covers, throbs a soul  
With all the sweetness and the pain,  
The fire, the yearnings, which contain  
A love that beats against control.

The high ideals that reach the skies,  
In all their purity and strength,  
And thrill through vastest Heaven's length,  
Yet which the souls of earth despise.

A soul that beats against the bars  
Of Fate, like some sweet-singing bird  
Imprisoned, but whose voice is heard  
In notes which seek to reach the stars

With mellow music,—sweeter, sad—  
A-calling through the ambient air,  
To bring its mate, if it be there  
To see, to love ;—again be glad



*From Out the Shadows.*

With all the gladness which old love  
Brings in new meetings ;—born again  
To newer joys, and breathe a strain  
Far lovelier than all fancies prove.

And yet for all,—he calls in vain ;  
No answering note responsive thrills  
His crying heart,—and Fate but fills  
To fuller measure all his pain.

His very moan, becomes a song  
So rich, so sad, so sweet and pure  
In quivering love,—the tones allure  
The angels to a listening throng.

## THE BELLS.

**F**AR o'er the land and wooded dells,  
The ringing splendor of the bells,  
In vibrant peals bursts forth, the theme  
A rich fulfilling of love's dream ;  
The echoes of delicious sound,  
Are wafting gladness all around,  
And life in fairest promise dwells,  
And rings its joy from marriage bells.

The clear toned chimes of Sabbath bells,  
Whose gentle music ever dwells  
In hearts with peaceful harmony,  
Ring out their hallowed symphony  
In tuneful streams of soothing balm,  
Wide o'er the Sabbath's holy calm,  
And breathe a higher strain of bells,  
That of the dawn immortal tells.

The low, sad tones of muffled bells,  
Toll mournfully successive knells,  
Of cherished hopes and happy hours,

*From Out the Shadows.*

Of aspiration's buoyant powers,  
For death with strong relentless hand,  
Far other notes flings o'er the land,  
And through the measured voice of bells,  
Of woe and bitter anguish tells

Oh happy bells, oh saddening bells,  
Your mystic music how it tells,  
Of joy, of peace, of dark despair,  
Lives bright and blighted, mingling there  
In tones that thrill with hope or pain,—  
Life's very soul your chimes contain,  
But through my heart your lesson wells,  
With tenderest melody, sweet bells.

“A LAMENT.”

LIFE is full of futile yearning,  
Scorching with remorseless burning  
All emotions deep and tender,  
All that truly serve to render  
Life ennobling in its aspect,  
But still greater grows its vast wreck,  
Murmuring ever mournfully,  
'Twill ever be, 'twill ever be!

Genius is not satisfying,  
Never to its heart supplying  
Food for its intense affection,  
Mellow with contents complexion,  
For glowing ideality,  
Is cold in the realty,  
And suffering must forever be  
Its laural in humanity.

*From Out the Shadows.*

When with heart surcharged with sorrow  
We from nature fain would borrow  
Comfort of its sacred stillness,  
Hoping thus to ease soul illness,  
Yet e'en there the calm of sadness,  
Holds dominion over gladness,  
Whispering soft and plaintively,  
"Joy weds with pain eternally."

From beneath the gilded manners,  
Fashion's pomp, and loud hosannas,  
That but mask oppression's holding,  
And servility's vile moulding,  
Quivers deep some heart's vain pleading  
For a nobler way <sup>of</sup> leading,  
But ages echo ceaselessly,  
" 'Twill ever be, 'twill ever be."

“TO CURLY.”

I LAY it down, the volume worn,  
And from its pages there has crept  
An essence of a new soul born  
    Within me, while my own soul slept.

And all its sweet ideal love  
    Thrills through me with a saddened strain,  
As low, soft tones of music move  
    Through echoing aisles of some old fane.

A happiness transcendant far,  
    Beyond what earth to mortals gives,  
A breath of Heaven, a shining star,  
    A sight of purity, which lives

In some far higher, nobler sphere,  
    Beyond the life of mortal ken ;  
And yet I cannot hold it here—  
    I sigh and ask my soul, “ Ah, when ? ”

*From Out the Shadows.*

I dream of her to whom I gave,  
My love, the gift which Heaven sent  
And mutely praying of Heaven, crave  
That it our souls to each cement.

She comes to me with tender smile,  
I look into her gray-blue eyes,  
Caress her dear brown curls the while ;  
Her love beyond all else I prize.

I feel the clinging, lingering kiss,  
Her sweet rich lips press into mine,  
Her arms, enclosing me in bliss ;  
Her curls my fingers, soft entwine.

She speaks in tender, murmuring tone,  
Of all the love she breathes on me,  
That nothing can her love dethrone ;  
Her life with mine extinguished be.

And what of Heaven is given to earth,  
In those sweet moments all I know,  
For earth in bitterness gives birth  
The question, " Do not all such go ? "

*From Out the Shadows.*

In agony of doubt I turn,  
And plead—" Oh, Curly, will it be,  
That all your love for me will burn  
To ashes ? " God stay such decree !

The words that glowed in brightest flame  
Which love could lend to human tongue,  
The vows, the promises which came  
So quickly, with affection clung,

The tenderness, the scenes we thought  
Through which we'd pass in one long  
dream  
Of love in life—must these be naught—  
My life one long delusion seem ?

Oh, Father, Thou supreme, sublime,  
Wilt Thou not give Thy creature, then,  
A love to bless Thee through all time ?  
My heart is crying, " When, ah, when ? "



“BLIGHTED.”

**A** NIGHT of sleet and wind and snow,  
Of driving hail and piercing cold,  
Through which the flickering street-lamps  
glow

With restless shadows, grimly bold ;  
Which hold a demonish commune  
With naked boughs of scraggy trees,  
That bend and sigh, and importune  
The whistling blast, whose touches freeze.

Here midnight holds the city's pulse,  
And here the heaven and hell of life  
Though hidden, throb and still convulse  
With joy, with polished hate, with strife  
Of wretchedness, and wolfish want,  
With loneliness, and aching hearts,  
Whose stricken deep affections pant  
With what of sorrow, life imparts.

*From Out the Shadows.*

In yonder wretched gloomy street,  
Amid the hell of poverty,  
Within a lowly room, replete  
With deep and fearful misery,  
A candle faintly glimmers o'er  
A man with haggard features, set  
In lines of anguish, that abhor  
All thoughts that lightly joy beget.

A massive head, with matted hair,  
A face contorted, hideous, strange,  
With large deep eyes, which seem to bare  
The soul of all, on whom they range ;  
A figure dwarfed, and gaunt, and broad,  
A back misshapen, rounded, bent ;  
Long arms and hands, whose lines defraud  
Them of all graceful lineament.

He sits unmoved with stony stare  
Of pain and mental agony ,  
Whose chiseled look of cold despair  
Seems dipped in fatal lethargy ;  
No soothing warmth of fire glows

*From Out the Shadows.*

Around to break the quivering chill,  
No outward cold he feels nor knows,  
But lives in thoughts which slowly kill.

Long is he thus, but now at last  
A heavy, weary sigh breaks through  
The firm, close lips, which lock so fast,  
The lips that pain can seldom woo  
To give expression to what lies  
Behind their portals festering deep ;  
He rises softly, and his eyes  
Full tender glances round him sweep.

With careful tread his steps he wends  
Toward a warmly covered cot,  
O'er which in tenderness he bends,  
To gaze upon a face, that, hot  
With fever's deeply burning flush,  
But seems more lovely yet to grow,  
As straggling curls in beauty, brush  
A young and tender cheek and brow.

He moves beneath the watcher's gaze,  
And lifts his eyes in glad appeal,

*From Out the Shadows.*

And looks around in slow amaze,  
And asks, "Oh, Remo, was it real?  
Did you not see the angels there,  
They were so beautiful, and came  
And sang so sweet, and kissed me here,  
Oh, Remo, was it all a dream?"

"Oh say it was not all a dream ;  
It was so bright, so nice and clear,  
That if it be as it did seem,  
Dear Remo, will you take me there ?  
And when they kissed me, oh I felt  
As if with them, I too could fly,  
For Heaven seemed in me to melt  
As stood those shining angels by."

The eyelids quiver, close again,  
The sweet young lips still murmuring faint  
With baffled hope, and feverish pain,  
And childish soft and lovely plaint ;  
And turning slowly to the wall,  
He sleeps again and dreams once more,  
His lips still moving as to call  
The beings from Eternal's shore.

*From Out the Shadows.*

Of pain, a spasm flashes swift  
O'er Remo's deeply furrowed face,  
And piteously his glances drift  
O'er each endeared familiar place  
Where little Joe had left some toy  
In sweetly careless childish play,  
And they untouched are Remo's joy,  
And hallowed in their disarray.

Again he turns and stoops to hear  
The little sleeper's whispered cry,  
"I am so hungry, Remo, dear!"  
Naught has the strong man to supply  
The craving of the little one;  
His soul is pierced with agony,  
He turns away with inward groan,  
"Oh God, oh God, some help give me."

And by a distant chair he kneels,  
And all the pent-up flood of grief  
Bursts forth in prayer, which reveals  
A woe that cannot find relief;  
"Oh God, wilt Thou let such things be,

*From Out the Shadows.*

I who have served Thee here so long,  
Wherefore hast Thou so smitten me,  
And why my wretchedness prolong ?

“ Oh send me help, that I may give  
New life again to little Joe ;  
Oh God, wilt Thou not let him live,  
That some affection here below  
May rest its brightness in my life ;  
He is not mine, but I have saved  
Him from the world's cold pain and strife,  
And this is all of Thee I craved.

“ Thou mad'st my form of hateful cast,  
And all do shun me as if vile ;  
Oh why must this forever last,  
A being all do e'er revile ;  
And Thou hast never answered me,  
And I was driven to sin for him,  
Is then Thy justice but a lie,  
For Thou, Thyself, art very dim ? ”

His soul goes out in pleading prayer  
That Heaven but give a little aid ;  
His trembling words dissolve in air,

*From Out the Shadows.*

No answer from on High is made ;  
For none go near him, nor extend  
A hand or look of sympathy ;  
He never knew the name of friend,  
And all is lonely misery.

He rises and a sudden chill  
Of awful fear enwraps his soul,  
No breathing hears he, all is still;  
An icy sweat begins to roll  
In heavy beads from off his brow,  
He rushes quickly to the bed,  
He looks, he feels, he knows all now,  
For little Joe is lying dead.

He cries in agony intense,  
“ Oh, Joey, dear, you are not dead ! ”  
And then, a stifling, deep suspense,  
And then, and then his reason's fled ;  
His fearful laugh rings through the room,  
“ Thou damn'd God, Thou Living Lie ! ”  
He staggers, blinded by death's gloom,  
And falls in death's eternity.

*From Out the Shadows.*

The candle flickers low and dull,  
The shadows lengthen on the wall,  
And in the storm there is a lull,  
As if to meet the judgment call ;  
And colder grows the shivering night,  
The wind is gasping labored breath,  
The trees are swaying as in fright,  
And whisper, "Life is living death."



**“ELSIE.”**

The sweet beams of happy sunlight  
Through the curtain folds between,  
In the chamber of the dying  
Cast their glow of radiant sheen,  
And illumine a little sufferer  
With a dancing, glancing ray,  
Who is waiting for the dawning  
Of the bright, eternal day.

O'er the couch in anxious hovering,  
Breathes a mother's tender love,  
And sees her darling's ebbing life  
Slow but surely heavenward move ;  
But the little one, unknowing  
Of the end that is so near,  
Smiles at sight of the glad sunlight,  
Sunlight to her life so dear.

*From Out the Shadows.*

She is thinking joyous day dreams,  
When at play once more she'll be,  
With the other little children,  
Romping, oh, so merrily ;  
But the sad and anguished mother,  
As she listens to her voice,  
Knows full well her little darling  
Soon in heaven will rejoice.

She must tell her, can she tell her,  
Tell her child that Death's broad wing  
Soon will bear her onward, upward,  
To her glorious Heavenly King?  
Oh, the thought, the task is bitter,  
No, no, no, it cannot be,—  
Her dear playmate, gentle Flora,  
Will speak of eternity.

And as Flora softly enters,  
How angelic the sweet smile  
That plays o'er the face of Elsie,  
Seems as saying, " long erewhile,  
Have I wished to have you with me,"

*From Out the Shadows.*

Then she takes the soft white hand,  
As her Flora sits beside her  
To speak of the better land.

“ Dearest Elsie, if the Saviour,  
Jesus, who has loved you so,  
Were to take you up to heaven,  
Would you be afraid to go ?  
Would you fear to cross the river,  
If upheld by angel wings  
As you hear from o’er the distance,  
Heaven’s music softly rings ?

“ There will be all joy and gladness,  
And no sickness evermore,  
All is brightness, never sorrow,  
On that distant, beauteous shore ;  
There to mingle with the angels,  
With your face so radiant bright,  
With sweet melody your garment  
And your crown of glory’s light.

“ For they say that you are dying,  
Elsie dearest, soon to leave

*From Out the Shadows.*

Us, who love you, oh, so dearly,  
Whom your loss will more than grieve ;  
Home will then be very lonely,  
Filled with deep and bitter pain,  
But God's ways are always wisest,  
And we should not then complain."

With a look of wistful yearning,  
That strikes deep into the soul,  
Elsie drinks the fateful message,  
As Death's dews begin to roll  
O'er her tender little body,  
With their dread and dampening chill,  
Which so surely freeze the life out,  
And she lies intensely still.

But soon turning to her mother,  
Who in grief is bending low,  
She is asking, "Mamma, mamma,  
Am I dying, mamma, now ?  
Mamma, mamma, dear, dear mamma,  
Must I go away from you,  
Must I go alone, with no one,  
Is not Flora coming, too ?"

*From Out the Shadows*

“ Oh, my child, my darling, do not,  
Do not ask for Flora, too ;  
Won't you leave her here to cheer me,  
As the valley you pass through?  
Jesus will be with you ever,  
Take you to a brighter home,  
You will never there be lonely,  
'Tis not long until we come.

“ You will come to greet us, darling,  
At the shining gates of pearl,  
Take us o'er the fields of heaven,  
As their glories shall unfurl,  
And will show us all their beauties,  
And the mysteries afar,  
As we ever, and forever  
Free from every trouble are.”

A deep calm of Death's own strangeness,  
Settles over Elsie's soul  
And she seems to pierce the distance  
E'en to read life's mystic scroll ;  
For the damp of death is o'er her

*From Out the Shadows.*

As the tears her eyelids fill ;  
A tremor through the little form,  
Then a hush—and all is still.

Oh, little one, thy tender voice,  
In its questioning appeal,  
Has stirred the depths of other souls,  
With a deep and warning thrill ;  
Thou art free from all pollution,  
From the sin, the pain and strife,  
Where the heart of youth is withering  
In the bitterness of life.

## JUDGMENT.

### PART I.

I STOOD within the shadow of a world,  
Till saturate I was with cooling gloom.

The curtain of the universe unfurled  
In stellar splendor from creation's loom,  
Hung o'er me in a sheen of sable blue.

Love's purity my spirit deep inhaled,  
And all my senses, finer, stronger grew ;  
The spirit's power o'er the flesh prevailed  
And thoughts of sweetest reverence exhaled.

Some unknown higher force upheld my  
gaze ;

I saw the curtain undulate a maze  
Of tumbling stars, in shattered courses,  
through

*From Out the Shadows.*

Complexities where wildest chaos grew ;  
Vast heavens aglow with iridescent flame,  
Like seas of myriad splendors then became  
Terrific grandeur in their billowy light,  
Which flashed and hurled their beauties  
into night.

Stupendous tumult, planet-bursting boom,  
Shot worlds to fragments through the outer  
gloom,  
Till Demolition was with horror stalled,  
Creation at creation's loss appalled.

PART II.

Far out beyond the burning systems, where  
Through shredded darkness glare sprang  
into glare,  
An unattended star rolled through the night,  
And swung in orbit on the edge of light ;  
A little world that in the vastness hung,



*From Out the Shadows.*

Engarmented with beauty which was flung,  
Around it by creation's Lord of Good ;  
A robe of richest green whose color would  
To varied shadings lend its restful hue,  
And cast a velvet softness to the view ;  
While o'er it glinting rivers twined like  
    lace,  
With frills of flowers skirting their em-  
    brace ;  
And here and there a jewelling ocean  
    flashed  
With teeming colors, like a rainbow  
    splashed.

Vast cities spread their miles of varied  
    hives,  
Through which there entered, issued human  
    lives  
In millions, bearing souls of discontent  
And selfishness ; but some there were who  
    went

*From Out the Shadows.*

On missions offering soothing peace, with  
love  
And eloquence, which strove to raise above  
All sordidness, the innate gifted soul,  
But failure held their work with sure con-  
trol.

The lusts of pride and power strongly reared  
Great palaces, where luxury ensphered  
With fountained flowery groves their gleam-  
ing walls ;  
And through the mazes of their treasured  
halls,  
Were gathered fairest gems of Learning's  
arts ;  
Great canvasses and marbles showed their  
parts  
Of glories of a past and higher age,  
Which left to Ennui their heritage  
To vainly freshen skepticism's air,  
And meet but wondering, supercilious stare ;

*From Out the Shadows.*

Some mystic powers preserved them in the  
dearth  
Of nobleness, and gave them shekelled  
worth.

The loveliness of woman's sensuous grace,  
The mocking eyes inviting to embrace  
Her cooling warmth of pink lascivious  
charms,  
And revel in the touch of dimpled arms,  
Held sway o'er men through passions' pleas-  
ing force,  
And drew them blindly, gladly, through her  
course  
Of sin, by pleasures' velvet-covered chains ;  
A planet's destinies became her gains ;  
A world asleep within a sensual dream,  
Where naked beauty smiled and danced  
supreme.

*From Out the Shadows.*

And millions struggled 'neath the ban of  
    want,  
With helpless eyes appealing, bodies gaunt ;  
Where aspiration starved upon the husks  
Of crushed endeavors, which the mighty  
    tusks  
Of mammon tore, to rob the ripened fruit,  
With savage might and power beyond dis-  
    pute.

The twisted lives which desperate, defy  
E'en God with bitter curse and muffled cry,  
And in their hidden frensy, could they  
    know  
Would shatter all creation with a blow,  
These too, their members scattered through  
    the throngs,  
And fiercely preached the hatred of their  
    wrongs.

*From Out the Shadows.*

But now the crowds in intermingling fright,  
Forgetful of distinction, awed by sight  
Of worlds afire, where vast destruction flies  
Like glittering pyrotechnics through the  
    skies,  
Rush wildly, straining senses to the pitch  
Of keenest fear, expectancy, in which  
Prophetic bodings charge their tensioned  
    souls.

Anon, the trailing crash of thunder rolls  
In tripping peals, which gather strength of  
    sound  
In mighty volumes, till their tones com-  
    pound  
In one vast roar, which poised and quiver-  
    ing, breaks  
To echoed fragments, as if Heaven shakes  
With frightful accents, yonder sinful star,  
'Mid wrathful lightnings flashing near and  
    far.

*From Out the Shadows.*

The liquid oceans which the skies maintain  
In airy hiding, stealing forth as rain  
With loving touches to the thirsted fruit  
Of nature, bearing blessing to its root,  
Now pour with swift descent, titanic power  
Their hoarded force, to curse with vengeful  
    shower  
Of floods, resistless torrents, such a world  
That stamped on truth, and from it, honor  
    hurled.

As if by magic, through the rain there seem  
The shapes of beings, with sepulchral gleam  
Of raiment, shrouding each in misty light,  
Who from invisibility alight,  
With stately motion soft as gentlest air ;  
Their numbers growing into hosts, where'er  
The living tenements of mortals stand.

And then through every near and distant  
    land,  
From out the sky a golden glow is cast ;

*From Out the Shadows.*

The angered rain, abashed, withdraws its  
blast ;

And mortals view with clearer force of sight,  
And recognition fills them with affright,  
For in those forms unearthly are there read,  
The sad accusing features of the dead.

A freezing terror draws the strings of life  
To tightest stretch, and then with insane  
strife

They shout—"The world, the world to end  
has come,  
And Judgment grimly claims its rightful  
sum.

PART III.

From out the farthest distance where the  
eye

Can reach its vision through the nighted  
sky,

A glimmering speck is seen upon the verge

*From Out the Shadows.*

In growing luminance, whose rays diverge  
With trembling lines of golden light, athwart  
The gloom ;—like billows in the night that  
court

Each other o'er the darkened deep, to kiss,  
Then fling their souls in foaming trails of  
bliss,

Whose snowy white through miles of dark-  
ness breaks,

So yonder light across the heavens shakes,  
In widening waves, advancing line on line.

With nearer coming seems there vast de-  
sign ;

The lighted waves to serried groupings roll,  
Like grand divisions under one control ;—  
Then forward with the mighty speed of  
light,

They dash in evolutions that unite  
Precision, with the wheeling movements  
made

In coruscating splendors of parade.



*From Out the Shadows.*

A soughing sound like winds through forest  
trees,

Which seems to whisper agonizing pleas ;  
A mournful, weirdful breeze which sighs a  
dread,

A feeling as when near repulsive dead ;  
Like evil spirits near, unseen, malign,  
When horror and solemnity combine.

And then like pain that shoots across the  
eyes,

Bewildering in a flash, there seem to rise  
From out the light, the human forms of  
souls,

Yet forms no planetary law controls ;  
Translucent figures, lighter e'en than air ;  
And eyes which glance a smouldering de-  
spair ;

And dignity to match a haughty pride,  
As when proud souls their fallacies would  
hide,

*From Out the Shadows.*

Volition all concentered into hate,  
An evil whose rank ill will n'er abate ;  
A sphere of thought, where strength of will,  
    alone,  
Creates, subdues,—to god-like power is  
    grown.

They halt, and then with eyes that flash the  
    night,  
They burst in song, their faces all alight  
With joy expectant, tense, triumphant, grim,  
A mighty choral's invocation hymn.

“Sathana, oh Sathana, Son of Morning,  
“When Light and Love that with Thee  
    came adorning  
“Creation with the sweetest fancies woven,  
“When purity by evil was not cloven,  
“Thy glory thrilled the stars to grandest  
    hymning,

*From Out the Shadows.*

“Thy beauty set the worlds, thy features  
limning,

“And deeper diapasons from the oceans,

“Sung through their wildly joyful surging  
motions.”

“Sathana, oh Sathana, Thou wert given

“Supremacy, which Love had only striven

“To render greater for Thy vast dominion

“Which needed n'er a guard on sweeping  
pinion ;

“But will, Thy will alone, was all 'twas  
needed,

“To Thee creation's realms were gladly  
deeded ;

“But pride Thou mad'st while angels were  
a-sleeping,

“And Love awaking, fled with bitter  
weeping.”

“Sathana, oh Sathana, in Thy naming,

“The universe its horror is proclaiming,

*From Out the Shadows.*

“ In mighty dread, whose lightning force is  
flinging

“ From world to world, which tremblingly  
are bringing

“ Their tribute fears, and selfishnesses  
fawning

“ To Thee, whose fertile soul is ever spawning

“ New souls of evil, new creations, hoping

“ To crush creation’s God in final coping.”

“ Sathana, oh Sathana, Thou dost hold us,

“ And by our plastic passions Thou dost  
mould us ;

“ Thy coming many ages are awaiting,

“ Their souls with fear and wonder agitating ;

“ Come forth, for Thy own minions have  
not seen Thee,

“ We fain would tear the veilings that do  
screen Thee ;

“ Come forth, and let the hosts of hell, blas-  
pheming,

“ Hurl God from Heaven, Thy mission thus  
redeeming.”

*From Out the Shadows*

The grandeur of the grandest music known,  
Comes from the master touch of Pain, alone;  
The deeps and heights of feeling thrilled by  
    sound,  
Are realms which only Pain has opened,  
    found ;  
For Pain has trod the paths of laughing  
    Joy,  
But Joy would die were it in Pain's employ ;  
Thus Pain has gathered from its wide  
    domain,  
Such melodies which sweetest tones contain,  
And deeper, higher octaves, blending  
    through  
Despair and hate, Hope's loss, Love's sad-  
    ness, too.

The mighty intellects allied with Hell,  
Can roll such harmonies, as cast a spell  
O'er angels in their high and pure estate.

*From Out the Shadows.*

The song has ceased, and such a hymn of  
hate,  
And dread, and love remembered, lost to  
life,  
And conscience-roused emotions, complex,  
rife,  
N'er coursed through staff of music, in such  
wild  
Sonorous glories, cadently compiled.

The mortal senses are too dull to hear  
The speech of spirits, be they e'er so near ;  
Mortality perceives as through a fog,  
Its beastly passions, higher nature clog ;  
Thus was to mortal ears the strange refrain  
All lost,—but through creations's wide do-  
main,  
The challenge of Hell's cohorts shook the  
stars,  
And swift, responsive, broken were the bars  
Of spirit-law which shut the ill from good,

*From Out the Shadows.*

And in an instant o'er the world there stood  
In tens of thousands terraced to the right,  
The angels like as clouds of glistening white.

Above, around, beyond, there is a glow  
Of gorgeous colors, piercing clouds, as  
though

A thousand sunsets all their beauties shed ;  
As though the heavens made a nuptial bed  
For Light and Glory, sinking into rest,  
Where Glory pillows Light upon her breast.

Like battle hosts, the legions of the damned,  
Dart forward, but by sudden check are  
jammed

Like frenzied herds, in struggling, mounting  
heaps.

For from the glance of angel eyes there  
sweeps

A force resistless, penetrating thought ;

*From Out the Shadows.*

A conscious strength of purity, so fraught  
With skillful knowledge of the laws of life  
That by a look, such souls may conquer  
    strife.

A look that by suggestion's flash will light  
The darkest recess,—fill with shame and  
    fright  
The souls of evil ; force conviction through  
The densest degradation, and imbue  
And thrill with awe, each latent, slumbered  
    sense,  
The angel-look which gleams omnipotence.

PART IV.

An awful stillness reigns, so wierd, profound,  
The soul seems strangling in the want of  
    sound ;  
A silence so appalling and supreme,  
It seems relief would come but from a  
    scream ;



*From Out the Shadows.*

A scream would come with fearful echoes  
    clad ;  
The tensioned soul to hear them would go  
    mad.

The sky slips on the blackened crape of  
    night ;  
Through which the moon and stars gleam  
    lurid light ;  
The veil is drawing into many folds,  
And deeper darkness still increasing, holds  
The world engirt with blackness absolute,  
A blackness having for its attribute  
The touch of substance, with oppressive  
    weight,  
Wherein the soul lies in a horrified state.

It seems as if an agonizing age  
Defied all thought its passing time to gauge ;  
And then faint streaks, like trembling lines  
    of light,

*From Out the Shadows.*

Like vapor upward rising, cloudy white,  
Ascending high, tear darkness into shreds.

A sun-burst's sudden dazzling glory spreads,  
And upward, floating through the air are  
seen

The forms of spirits that had walked serene  
Among the living, and to mortal view.

When from the world their numbers all  
withdrew,

A mighty angel sweeping into poise,  
By gesture gives command; and then a noise  
Like winds that moan through caverns of  
the sea,

Floats from the world; and then is seen to  
be

No life; the seas and rivers cease to flow,  
The lands their verdure shrunk and with-  
ered show;

No zephyr stirs, but all is deadly still,

*From Out the Shadows.*

And human corpses by the billions, fill  
The places where humanity's deep life,  
Had laughed and sorrowed, hated, surged  
in strife.

The world is dead, but out of death there  
rise

The human souls, which cannot now dis-  
guise

Nor hide their natures, but all naked are  
Before the gaze of Heaven and Hell ; no bar  
Of skillful screening action may conceal  
The truth, but all is now exposed and real.

Bewilderment of terror. shame and awe  
At once become resistless force and law ;  
Soul looks in soul, and reads each other's  
thought,

Reads clearly all with which each soul is  
fraught ;

The tenderness, the strength of love in good,

*From Out the Shadows.*

And evil's foulness now are understood ;  
The lives of sweet humility which strove  
Unheeded and unvalued, yet which wove  
For selfish souls, warm robes of truest  
love,—

The philanthropic lives that raised above  
Despair, the souls stung by the keenest  
want,  
Whose kindness made to flee the spectres  
gaunt,  
Of death and misery ;—the lives that gave  
Surrender of all qualities which crave  
The noblest spheres of thought, and gladly  
trod  
The burning sands of passion, scorning God,  
Indifferent to all save love ; nor cared  
If love led to the deepest hell ; nor spared  
Themselves the blows of cooled affection ;  
bore

*From Out the Shadows.*

Unkindness, wept in silence, loved the  
more ;—

These stand out clear amid the souls of sin,  
The lives of wickedness all screened within  
The gloss and thickened covers of deceit,  
Who now can find no sheltering retreat.

Now glare the frenzied souls of those who  
preached

Of Christ ; who now by conscience are im-  
peached,

Convicted of false vows ; false hearts which  
throbbed

Alone for self ; and for promotion, robbed  
Their higher natures ; and full blandly  
praised

The doubtful means by which they had  
been raised ;

Who prayed and clung and climbed with  
stealthy care

The steps of lies that form ambition's stair.

*From Out the Shadows.*

The smiling, polished hypocrites who fain  
Would cheat the laws of life, and hope to  
gain

Immunity from all their evil deeds,  
Who blighted trust, like poison-blossomed  
weeds

Will wither tender plants e'er buds are  
ope;—

The hordes of blind depravity who grope  
Like bats in sunlight, in the light of truth,  
All merciless to virtue, void of ruth;—

The grand true student souls who vainly  
sought

Life's secret springs, their labors bringing  
naught

But discontent; who prayed and doubted,  
toiled

With god-like strength, and yet seemed ever  
foiled,

And cursed creation, yet in moments felt  
Creation like a kindly mother dealt;

*From Out the Shadows.*

All now behold and know what prophets  
told  
Surpasses e'en what prophecies unfold.

The world lies in a sea of seething shame ;  
To hide, is every spirit's struggling aim.

Of light, long lines in downward slant, now  
flash  
From angel hosts and ranks of damned, and  
splash  
The world with color ; from the blest a  
sheen  
Of golden beams ; while rays of deep sea  
green  
Pour from the lost ; and upward through  
the air,  
The mortal phantoms rise, and huddled,  
stare

*From Out the Shadows.*

From side to side, upon the wondrous  
lights,  
Which magnet like, each, both repels, in-  
vites.

From out the chaff, the sifting of the wheat ;  
The spirits disunite no more to meet ;  
Their masses breaking, fluctuate between  
The rays of gold, the awful rays of green ;  
And then with instinct simultaneous, surge  
In densest crowds, whose compact numbers,  
urge  
Those in the van, to where the angels stand.

But multi-millions shrink, cannot withstand  
The touch and secret force those rays expel,  
Which draw the good from evil, and compel  
Confusion vast, terrific, to control  
The unfit ones, the beings foul of soul.

And swift upon their faces comes a change ;  
For as each soul is forced within the range  
Of those resistless, web-like lines of light,



*From Out the Shadows.*

The faces of the good grow grandly bright  
With joy transcendent, and a beauty, far  
Beyond what highest dreams of mortals are;  
But on the souls with natures selfish, base,  
The impress is of an unworthy race,  
With coward features of deep fear and hate,  
Deformed, contorted figures which translate  
The fullest meanings of each phase of sin;—  
And eyes which terribly proclaim within  
The fires of an unquenchable remorse  
Now started on their long eternal course.

With every sense of strength, they writhing,  
try  
To scream, but only mouthe in soundless  
cry ;—  
All slowly first, but surely do they near  
The rays of green, then plunge and disap-  
pear  
Amid the damned, who draw resistlessly  
All sin, like mighty whirlpools of the sea.

*From Out the Shadows.*

PART V.

A dead old world with features set by pain;  
A sweet old world by ruthless evil slain;  
A mother-world to all the race of men,  
With glorious lasting beauty, fair as when  
The fairest bride that blushes in embrace  
Of tenderest lover, nestles face to face;  
No age could mar her, only sin could slay  
Her form divine, and all her love betray;  
A love with sunny smiles through April  
tears,  
When sorrow only flashes, disappears;  
A love which all its priceless treasure gave,  
And through its love became a loving slave;  
Her mines of gems were lavished through  
all climes  
Her fruitage freely given at all times;  
For every season, everything with care  
Was tempered, given, lest some want were  
there;

*From Out the Shadows.*

But man, ungrateful, glutton-like wished  
more,  
And cursed the full abundance of her store,  
And cursing, robbed his fellow man, till  
want  
Made more than half the race like demons  
gaunt.

And then the world, the mother-world, de-  
spaired ;  
Her grief no atom of creation shared,  
But all alone, in all creation, wept  
In darkness, while the vast creation slept ;  
Her heaving ocean-bosom rose and throbbed  
In storms of wildest grief, then softly sobbed  
Like as a child all tired with weeping, cries,  
And smothers its lament with shaken sighs.

A dead old world with features set by pain ;  
A sweet old world by ruthless evil slain.

*From Out the Shadows.*

On high the saved and lost, divided stand,  
And both are held in silence by command  
Of one who glides from out the ranks of hell  
All unabashed, with forces that compel  
Attention of the universe, by strength  
Of will and thought, which thrill the heav-  
en's length.

A voice like as a mournful deep toned bell,  
With rich and mellow resonance to tell  
By sound, in quivering depths and strong  
full peals,  
All that which speech inadequate conceals.

“This once and only once, perhaps are we  
“And shall we nearly meet as face to face ;  
“But ye whom we believe as greater far  
“Than we the damned may hope to e'er  
conceive,  
“We ask that ye a message take your God,  
“Who is not here, if God indeed there be.”

*From Out the Shadows*

“ What e'er of justice, Finite may conceive,  
“ Must be conceded by the Infinite,  
“ For justice to be just, is just in all,  
“ A part omitted, all its fabric falls.”

“ Of old we heard, and now do fully know  
The awful meaning of heredity,  
Whereby the soul ere birth, invested is  
And shaped and moulded by the flesh of sin;  
A new created spirit robbed of right  
To learn, and from its learning, choose the  
way  
Of its existence, but must ever be  
Within its prison of mortality  
A thing that must obey the mandates of  
Its fleshly instincts, with its vision blurred  
By its environment ; and all the while  
The mortal veins like engines pumping  
blood  
Surcharged with passion, vice, and selfish lust  
“ Against the tingling senses of the soul.”

*From Out the Shadows.*

“The soul is tempered and controlled by  
flesh ;

“And thus heredity has peopled hell.”

“If we the finite, know this as unjust,  
How then must feel your God, The Infinite,  
Omniscience and Omnipotence, whose love  
“And mercy ye did preach as without end?”

“Dare He with calm indifference, create,  
Permit his world to roll for ages on  
With all its freight of suffering and woe,  
“Then wish the love and worship of the  
race?”

“Has He not known the souls who vainly  
cried  
To Him for help ere they became engulfed  
Within the whirlpools of the deepest sin?  
Has He not seen the sweetest virtue in  
“The gloomy alleys of abjectest want,”

*From Out the Shadows.*

“ Which prayed and struggled for deliver-  
ance from

Its capture by foul prostitution's clutch ?

Has He not known the fathers forced to  
crime

“ By love, to stay distress of children, wives? ”

“ Has He not seen and known the souls who  
strove

“ Through anguished years against high  
mountain doubts? ”

“ Whose only plea was that their God would  
show

Himself to mortal sense, and thus to prove

And win from sin to love the race of men ;

The Finite crying to the Infinite,

“ And naught but the eternal silences.”

“ In all the hosts of hell, there is no fiend,

To do the fiendishness your God has done ;

“ No soul so hardened but at last would give”

*From Out the Shadows.*

“ In mercy, answer to the tortured cry  
Of souls who sought and failed to find the  
Truth ;

“ No fiend, but what sometime, at last must  
tire

To see an endless woe of finite race ;

No fiend but what were he omnipotent,

And with omnipotence, omniscient too,

But what would purge the vast creation  
from

All taint of pain, and make sweet gladness  
thrill

“ Forever and forever through his realm.”

“ We hold within our ranks the master souls  
Of thought, who swayed yon planet's mortal  
plane ;

The strongest flower of mortality

Is damned to an eternal hell, for that

Its truest nature would not lie, but scorned

“ And braved the awful doom of blasphemy ; ”



*From Out the Shadows.*

“And if they sunk within the mortal lusts,  
’Twas that their carnal joys might suage  
despair ;

“But God n’er willed to pluck them from  
the depths.”

“A Godly love redeems the deepest hell.”

“No love is born within the loins of fear ;  
Ye sought for Heaven, because ye feared a  
hell ;

“Ye and your God, the greater devils are.”

“By Christ and God, and Hell, and all the  
names

There are to conjure in the universe,  
I swear I rather far would serve the hosts  
Unjustly dealt with by a vengeant God  
Than claim the grandest bliss that Heaven  
could give

“Eternal to the coward souls of fear.”

*From Out the Shadows.*

“And since no God nor Satan doth appear,  
Your legends that they live are foulest lies ;  
Each soul is part of all the soulful force  
On which the fabric of creation hangs ;  
We are your peers, and by all Hell, ye shall  
“Now in full measure test with us your  
strength.”

“Arouse yourselves, ye myriads of the  
damned,  
Ye far outnumber all celestial hosts ;  
Arouse, and let your highest powers of will  
Concentered to supremest subtle rage,  
Give angels battle, make them fully know  
“That o’er them, Hell hereafter, reigns  
supreme.”

Yet swifter than the swiftest flash of  
thought,  
Is Hell’s defiance by creation caught ;  
The awful challenge is no sooner flung,

*From Out the Shadows.*

Than dazzling blinding light seems to have  
sprung  
From nowhere, to the fore, where stand the  
blest.

Co-instant to the left, there fronts abreast  
The lines of Hell, a darkly purple cloud.

From out the damned a cry of fear, as loud  
As thunderous ocean-roar in wind swept  
pain.

The light before the saints, is rent in twain,  
And there a figure in the mould of man,  
With greater majesty of bearing, than  
The highest angel, calmly stands ablaze  
With light that issues glittering sheets of  
rays.

There dart from out the cloud, long shoot-  
ing rays  
Like sable lightnings, and all Hell displays

*From Out the Shadows.*

Commotion vast and seeks as if to flee,  
Then stops as if held by some strange decree  
Of master force ; and still those lightnings  
    play

Upon them, merciless, as if to slay ;  
And all of Hell's great millions writhe in  
    pain,

With groans and gurgling shouts and pleas  
    in vain ;

Then suddenly the cloud is lifted high,  
And in its place the eyes of all descri  
A form colossal, with a haughty mein ;  
A brow of power as on an angel seen ;  
Each curve and line of figure is supreme  
With forces all suggestive as would teem  
Within and radiate from out a god.

With gesture fierce, and grim contemptuous  
    nod,

He steps before Hell's millions full in view,  
With speech with vibrant thunder toning  
    through.

*From Out the Shadows.*

“ Ye animate distilleries of filth,  
From out whose souls foul degradations  
    ooze,  
Ye sewers of lecherous rottenness,  
The stench of whose hypocrisies was blight  
To many erstwhile undefil'd realms ;  
Insatiate brutes of greed, ye loveless fiends ;  
Ye skilled sardonic torturers of Good ;  
Long visaged apes of prayer, ye sentient  
    slime,  
Could I possess God's power a million fold,  
Immeasurably keener would I make  
Your Hell, for that nor prophet voice, nor  
    Christ  
Nor Hell itself with all its dread could bring  
“ Ye back from sin to love, for ye would  
    not.”

“ Ye arrogated to yourselves the name  
“ Of God's most glorious work, whereat all  
    Hell”

*From Out the Shadows.*

“Roared wild derision, and the angels  
blushed  
With Nature, as she bowed her head for  
shame ;  
“Ye fools, whose insane pride is doubly  
damned.”

“When in past ages fled I to the deeps  
Of outer darkness, from the face of God  
When battle worsted, shorn of angel strength,  
I first knew loss of love, I rested here  
Upon this then deep darkened globe ; de-  
spair  
Like to the ponderous weight of worlds, I  
bore ;  
And in my torture did my straining soul  
Give birth to your progenitors ; for by  
My force of Will, they burst the pregnant  
womb  
“Of thought, and into full creation sprang.”

*From Out the Shadows.*

“ For know ye that the highest angels may  
Create through strength of Will ; life’s secret  
learned  
Is like all life must ever live ; but woe  
To him who doth create through evil  
thought ;  
Creation’s fine adjustments move by love ;  
But evil grinds and cuts itself, nor dies,  
But lives through timeless agony, and is  
Eccentric to the laws of life ; a foul  
“Deformed abortion, hating all, self-loathed.”

“ By me ye were created, but with strain  
Of my lost angelhood to course your forms ;  
Ye multiplied, and with your growth there  
spread  
Such blasphemy, that I, the source of ill,  
Beheld,—with horror at my work appalled ;  
Nor could I check the increase of your lives ;  
“ I may create,—life’s growth I can not  
halt.”

*From Out the Shadows.*

“Through anguished ages have I prayed  
relief

To win from evil, my own evil work ;  
But not till now when time for you is ceased,  
And ye no longer propagate yourselves,  
Have I dared hope that evil may grow less ;  
For that the hordes of evil now may know  
The sight of love supreme, where'er is seen  
“An angel in its purity a-wing.”

“The consciences ye long have deemed as  
dead,

“Will now for that untrammelled by the  
flesh

Be Hell ; and all your latent force, alive  
To keenest touch of thought, which roused  
shall be

To action swift, incalculable ; ye are  
Sensation,—and in ceaseless motion, shall  
“Ye thrill with agony, remorse and dread.”



*From Out the Shadows.*

“ A frightful loneliness that seeks in vain  
Some spot in infinite creation’s space  
To lose itself ; a memory wherein  
Are ineffaceable all deeds and thoughts  
Whose sleepless motions naught but horrors  
    fling ;  
A clinging madness that is not insane ;  
A shame which from the sight of Heaven  
    flees  
With speed of thought, and brings acuter  
    Hell,—  
All these your portion is to be, and more  
Than skillful speech of blest or damned can  
    tell,  
Till in far aeons hence my hope may burst  
To blossom, and I see my work through full  
“ Repentance cleared, and Hell at last re-  
    deemed.”

Sathana’s wondrous tones are hardly stilled  
Than out upon the heavens there are spilled

*From Out the Shadows.*

And poured such volumes of deep crashing  
    sound,

The world to atoms seems as being ground ;  
Deep rumblings like successive thunders  
    roll ;

Its great foundations shake as in control  
Of demons who toss worlds about in play,  
And laughing, split and tear them as they  
    slay ;

Then mighty flames of sheeted fire leap  
From awful depths through miles of night,  
    and sweep

The billowed plains of oceans into steam ;  
And then as if in effort last, supreme,  
The demons of destruction seal its doom,  
And swift explosions powder it to gloom.

“WHY.”

**M**AN'S highest point of wisdom reached,  
Can but evoke a trembling cry ;  
The sum of all the Learning preached,  
Is still enigma's question, “ Why.”

Life is a cruel question mark ;  
A moon that taunts the billow's plea,  
The heaving thoughts in surges dark ;  
A chilly light on shivering sea.

The soul with God—like instincts mute,  
All blindly beats to burst its shell  
And breaking, looks like wondering brute  
Whose eyes appealing pathos tell.

Whose glances strive to pierce the sense  
Of Nature's strong unswerving laws,  
And question why we are so dense,  
And wonder at the smallest straws.

*From Out the Shadows.*

We cry and call, yet cannot hear  
The spirit voices answering close,  
Who vainly in our faces peer,  
We wrapped in senses all too gross.

We spell through Learning's weighty tomes  
The name of Justice, one to trust ;  
It's large defining strangely roams ;  
We wonder is our Justice just.

We hope and look in other eyes,  
To find a gleam of Nature, like  
The best, that deepest in us lies,  
But other eyes, repellent strike.

There still remains the brutish touch  
Of beast, unexorcised in man ;  
Though love from angels came to such,  
'Twould only meet a sensual scan.

*From Out the Shadows*

We wonder why since good is best  
The race and evil seem akin ;  
We ask is life a fearful jest,  
When life must be maintained by sin.

We wonder why that some who plant  
Through scorching suns and withering  
toil  
Must leave to claimants arrogant  
The reaping fruitage of their soil.

Love's forethought reaching deep and far,  
The love that no return demands,  
We wonder if sufficient are  
The flowers in the dead cold hands.

## COURT OF LOVE.

A hundred lights their brilliance flash  
O'er splendors culled from fairest arts ;  
A fountain's bubbling, tuneful plash,  
A pleasing languor, too, imparts ;  
A slumbrous sheen on all within,  
On marbles where the art-groups gleam,  
On lustrous beauties mingling in  
With odorous flowers that countless seem.

Anon the curtains open wide,  
And there extending far beyond,  
A glittering banquet's regal pride,  
Displays its sumptuousness around ;  
While through the flowery aisles, between,  
The guests defile in laughing lines  
Of twinkling beauties, whose demesne  
A heaven of loveliness enshrines.

*From Out the Shadows.*

And feasting, murmuring, laughing on,  
    With naught of care that may intrude,  
The toasts and keenest wit are won  
    From minds with pleasure deep imbued ;  
But as the hour swiftly speeds,  
    One lovelier far than all the rest,  
Arises, signals,—for she leads,  
    And silence falls on every guest.

With eyes of blue that veil the soul,  
    In mystic smiles of hidden thought,  
A face and brow which bear control  
    Of features in clear beauty wrought ;  
With clustering curls of golden bronze,  
    That diadem a courtliness  
Of form, which majesty well owns,—  
    She reigns a queen of loveliness.

Her rounded arm of pearly white,  
    Fullfils a sculptor's wildest dream ;

*From Out the Shadows.*

The shapely hand so small and light,  
    May well adorn a poet's theme ;  
A dreamy smile of witching grace  
    Unconscious tells th' omnipotence  
That gilds her beauty's every trace,  
    Poised in patrician negligence.

“ Since you have bade me reign as queen,  
    “ In royal beauty's sovereignty,  
“ Then know all present that I mean  
    “ To have unwavering loyalty ;  
“ My chair will be the Throne of State,  
    “ While you as subjects true, must prove,  
“ And ready be to wage debate ;  
    “ For we will hold a Court of Love.”

“ Thus, I enjoin, that all in pairs  
    “ Shall seated be before my throne,  
“ In wide and circling lines of chairs ;  
    “ Each courtier at the feet of one



*From Out the Shadows.*

“ He deems most lovely to his heart ;  
“ And as he looks into her eyes,  
“ To read therein and then impart  
“ The secret wherein true love lies.”

At once a gay confusion spreads,  
As each his lady quickly seeks ;  
And o'er the low submissive heads,  
Suffusing blushes course the cheeks  
Of many a maiden's youthful face ;  
While older ones amused, obey  
The mandate of her queenly grace,  
And homage render to her sway.

And many vie to gain the seat  
Of lowly honor by her knee,  
But must as pleasantly retreat  
Before her negative decree ;  
Whilst she her glance directing wide,  
Soon feels the penetrating gaze

*From Out the Shadows.*

Of one who distant stands aside,  
Unnoticed as he all surveys.

Their glances in swift union, flash  
The glowing depth of thoughts concealed,  
But e'en as quickly does she dash  
To secrecy, her thoughts revealed ;  
And with a smile of listless ease,  
Her head inclines to gentle bend,  
A look whose thrill must more than please,—  
He comes, and kneels to there attend.

In living picture groups they sit,  
Within her gay imperial court,  
While Love's magnetic sparklings flit  
From lips and eyes in glad disport,  
Discussing all the sweetest pain  
Of unavowed but mutual love,  
And passions that can never wane,  
But live though unrequited prove.

*From Out the Shadows.*

And as the varied meanings flow,  
    In changing stream of looks and words,  
Unnoticed in a distant row,  
    A scene of hidden love, affords  
A pleasing picture's glowing tints,  
    For there a youth while bending low,  
Upon his lady's hand imprints  
    A kiss that burns with passion's glow.

And as she seeks to quick withdraw  
    The hand that felt th' unspoken vow,  
Her timid laughing eyes but draw  
    To greater zeal the wayward boy ;  
She will not,—but he, blind to fault,  
    Her waist encircles with his arm,  
Draws near her face, nor will he halt  
    To kiss her lips so pure and warm.

No sooner has he chanced the deed,  
    Than o'er the courtier groups is heard,

*From Out the Shadows.*

The queen's own voice, and all give heed,  
To catch the import of her word ;  
And softly rising from her throne,  
While smiles are chasing through her  
eyes,  
Commands the gay offender own  
The crime he cannot now disguise.

Swift o'er his face the crimson flood,  
Of mantling blushes surges fast,  
The sweet wild tumult of his blood,  
In throbbing ecstasy is cast ;  
But soon his careless merry mien,  
A look of proud defiance flings ;  
He steps erect before his queen,  
And thus to all assembled sings.

“There is a fascination, in a stolen oscula-  
tion,  
“Which exhilarated renders every one,”

*From Out the Shadows.*

“When you feel the sweet sensation, its delightful titillation,

“Chasing through you so long after it is done.”

“It don't need an explanation, nor an ancient derivation,

To tell you how the lovely action's done ;

If you'd like its confiscation, in its sweet conflagration,

“Just practically try it with some one.”

“When you'r placed in such position, oh don't practice prohibition

On the lips that offer you a tempting kiss;

If you don't fulfill your mission, you will feel such deep contrition,

“That you'll ever after pray for what you miss.”

*From Out the Shadows.*

“Such delicious speculation, is the loveliest  
coronation  
To all pleasures that vibrate with stolen  
joys ;  
Don't indulge in speculation, but enjoy your  
sweet collation,  
“For the girls, they like it more than do the  
boys.”

“When it's given in concentration, of a  
dozen in combination,  
You will wish that its delight would never  
end,  
It's entrancing confirmation, never needs a  
palliation,  
“To excuse the pleasure that you should  
extend.”

“And to all of every station, it suffuses  
cheeks carnation  
“Which are lovely as a rose in fairest blush,”

*From Out the Shadows.*

“For its smacking peroration, is so full of  
inspiration

“That they do it with the slyest, sweetest  
crush.”

A deepened hush of pleasure greets  
The airy rapture of the song,  
Whose terminating laughter, meets  
And trains the loud applause along  
In echoing chorus of its strain,  
As all join in the melody,  
And ring its happy wild refrain  
In music's rhythmic luxury.

And as the gathered chorus rings  
The burthen of its tuneful mirth,  
A voice o'er all the others, brings  
To reawakened jovial birth,  
Another song that fills the court  
With rippling laughter, swelling on  
To louder plaudits, that transport  
Them thus anew to sing anon.

*From Out the Shadows.*

“ Oh the marriage state is a blissful fate,  
So long as the couple agree,  
To feel the deep bliss of the reveling kiss,  
Seeming never sufficiently ;  
Then the world goes round with a joyous  
    bound,  
And care is thrown to the winds,  
While Love smiles bright at the comical  
    sight,  
“ But the sweetest happiness lends.”

“ It finally cloy in its teeming joys,  
’Tis happiest when it is new,  
Though for a short while, all beam with a  
    smile,  
As ever they swear to be true ;  
But the poor relapse in poverty’s traps  
To kick Love out in the rain,  
And the rich they tire, and ever inquire  
“ If they were but single again.”



*From Out the Shadows.*

“ Then away we’ll fling, the poisonous sting  
That sorrow e’er leaves behind,  
Our mirth shall excel, with no parallel,  
Where the gay and the wild we find ;  
O’er the land we’ll roam, and the ocean’s  
foam,  
In revelry’s whirling content ;  
N’er a thought we’ll spare, to fathom a care,  
“ But ever on pleasure be bent.”

CHORUS.

“ We roam, we roam, we’er roaming along,  
And sing and sing and singing the song,  
The song of the free who ceaselessly,  
With pleasure are wild and gay,  
We laugh, we dance, we drink of the best,  
And play, and flirt, and riot the rest,  
We stylishly wear, the full debonair,  
“ And turn night into the day.”

As onward flows the merry stream  
Of tuneful measures swift and gay,

*From Out the Shadows.*

Within the queen's bright eyes a beam  
Of lustrous love holds tender sway,  
That from her knight will not forbear  
It's radiance soft on him to rest,  
Her fingers wandering through his hair,  
Caressing him in sweet unrest.

Within his pensive mournful eyes,  
That search her soul with sudden light,  
A gem of adoration lies  
A jewel flashing in the night,  
A gleam of love in honor's mine,  
Awaiting to adorn her heart,  
That there its beauties may but shine  
Resplendent in its counterpart.

She waves her hand, and at the sign  
The song to silence then descends,  
Her low commands at once define  
That now upon her knight depends

*From Out the Shadows.*

How Love may vindicated be,—  
    He rising stately in his pride  
That sceptres his nobility,  
    Bows to her wish, that lives his guide.

Bright smiles of merry welcome flit,  
    O'er faces washed with melody,  
Which bear the knight a perquisite  
    Of glowing, breathing poetry,  
That with sweet inspiration, thrills  
    His soul in unison to greet  
The theme that all his being fills,  
    The theme, the song with love replete.

And seated low with harp in hand,  
    His voice in mellow music flings  
Rich tones of passion that expand  
    Beneath the touch of Love's soft wings,  
To compass that vibrates intense  
    With swift emotions, which instil

*From Out the Shadows.*

An ever varying sweet suspense  
In all who range within his skill.

“Beauty is as wine that lingers through the  
senses of the soul,  
With a soft intoxication, full delicious in  
control,  
And a sweet delirium trembling, with a part  
paralysis  
Of all conscientious scruples, that may mar  
its perfect bliss ;  
For her semi-hidden graces twinkling with  
timidity,  
Tantalizing in suggestion, aggravating bliss-  
fully,  
Break the fount of the emotions into swiftly  
flowing streams,  
Coursing through the fields of rapture in  
the land of passion’s dreams.  
In the land of passion’s dreams  
“ Full of splendor’s glowing beams,”

*From Out the Shadows.*

“Where the stream of fairest pleasure in its  
limpid beauty flows,

Where the breezes play in song  
And the moments pass along

“In high revelry containing all the charms  
that Love bestows.”

“Passion lingers but a little, it will not for-  
ever stay,

For the soul if it be noble, it will gain its  
former sway,

And converted into loathing will its love for  
sin be turned

And the moments of its weakness with deep  
bitterness be spurned ;

For again the hallowed yearning for a true  
love's purity,

Will arise in the ascendant in contrition's  
energy ;

“Passion's love and passion's idol will but  
transient ever prove,”

*. From Out the Shadows.*

“ But the love that is immortal, o’er the  
senses rests above.

Passion varies in its reign,  
But it holds a wide domain,  
Where the millions glad submission render  
to the god of self,  
Where a deep affection’s light  
Shines unheeded in the blight,  
“Of the universal glitter of the tinsel-jewelled  
pelf.”

“ Love that deeply wins returning, love that  
breathes of sacrifice,  
Nothing of a world’s temptations can suc-  
cessfully entice,  
Like a great rock in the ocean breasting  
many a stormy main,  
Rears aloft its granite crest to meet the sun  
that shines again ;  
“ But affection unresponsive must in shadow  
wend its way,”

*From Out the Shadows.*

“ And the aching heart can never feel the  
    buoyant light of day,  
Though the greatness of its nature may  
    attain a strength supreme,  
Still the longings irresistible within its life  
    will teem ;  
    As sweet bells with saddened chime,  
    Softly ring in tones sublime,  
Floating through the soul in changing  
    echoes near and far away,  
    Leave a balm of hope serene  
    That beyond this earthly screen,  
“All will there be rectified amid the bright  
    eternal day.”

It ceases, and a stillness strange,  
    With smothered sadness fills the court,  
But melts beneath the quickened change  
    The queen flings wide in merry sport ;—

*From Out the Shadows.*

“ Let once again the dance resume  
It's steps with fascination rife,  
All doubts, the laugh and dance consume,  
“ Amusement is the wine of life.”



QUEEN OF HELL.

**A**LL suddenly through Hell's domain  
A stillness strange, usurps the hour,  
And faces that were steeped in pain  
Now glance with gladness,—for a shower  
Of fragrant perfume wafts its scent  
Of violets and roses o'er  
The hosts of pain-bound punishment,  
As though it were on earth once more.

As though it came from sunny lawns  
Of brightest flowers 'mid velvet grass,  
That feel the kiss of summer dawns,  
While cooling breezes softly pass  
Through fragrant dew, and fill the air  
Deliciously, with sweet delight,  
When Nature clothes herself most fair,  
And flings her splendors through the  
light.

*From Out the Shadows.*

Their faces flicker joy and hate,  
    But joy holds far superior sway,  
As all in deep suspense await  
    What comes along their tortured way ;  
And then a woman's laughter peals  
    So sweet, delicious in its sound,  
It seem a breath of Heaven steals  
    With thrills of love through all around.

She wears with sensual majesty,  
    A form of marvelous loveliness,  
Whose beauty glistens gloriously  
    In charms of radiant nakedness ;  
A face of strange mesmeric seal,  
    A lustrous bosom's perfect mould,  
And pink white limbs whose curves reveal  
    Delicious beauties manifold.

Upon her head a gleaming crown  
    Is strangely twined within her hair,

*From Out the Shadows.*

Her shining tresses hanging down  
O'er shoulders beautifully bare ;  
And treading lightly as she comes,  
Sweet flowers at once grow in her steps,  
As glancing here and there she hums  
Soft melodies from richest lips.

From lip to lip of their black souls,  
The whispered cry of "Queen" rebounds,  
And thirsty passion swiftly rolls  
Through every spirit in Hell's bounds ;  
Her feet and limbs they seek to kiss,  
But see !—her gleaming crown uncoils,  
And snakes dart out and bite, and hiss,  
And many a soul in pain recoils.

She stands among them laughing low,  
They writhe, but smiling cry, "we'd lief  
Ten million agonies to know  
To press thy bosom e'er so brief ;"

*From Out the Shadows.*

A wonderous fascination's might,  
Sways full with horrible ecstasy,  
Their quivering thrills of strange delight,  
Are blended with keen agony.

She draws them on, again, again,  
And Hell is wild with fearful love,  
A thirst intense their passion's gain,  
Whose thirstings ever futile prove ;  
And e'en the flowery perfume brings  
A fiercer fuel of desire,  
But shriek on shriek of torment rings  
Whose torments growing pain acquire.

They pant and twist contorted in  
The fiercest tortures hell can know,  
For Hell is now a frightful din  
Of seething anguish, awful woe,

*From Out the Shadows.*

But ever and anon they turn  
To her with pleading, yearning eyes,  
Her smiling lips and eyes return  
Sweet mocking glances of surprise.

Again her full delicious tones  
Of silvery laughter float through Hell,  
And Hell in deep subjection owns  
The mighty mastery of her spell ;  
But quickly, suddenly she signs,  
Whereat intensest silence reigns,  
And wonderment at her designs  
While fear, a greater strength attains.

But laughing lightly she commands  
That some come near to follow her,  
And at a glance each form expands  
Transformed in outward character ;

*From Out the Shadows.*

At once they seem as heavenly pure  
As angels of celestial light,  
Of beautiful investiture,  
And faces calm, no trace of fright.

Like as a flash, the scene she quits,  
Her minions swiftly in her train ;  
Through mighty distances she flits,  
In lightning flight that does not wane,  
Until she feels the earthly air,  
Then slacks her speed, and slow descends  
Into a city's nightly glare,  
A place where Hell with Heaven blends.

They walk unseen to mortal view,  
And soon their noiseless footsteps glide  
Along a splendid avenue  
Where costly mansions rear their pride ;

*From Out the Shaaws.*

And there within one nobly built,  
Of old and modern elegance,  
Through rooms of velvet, silk and gilt,  
They pass 'mid rich extravagance.

Through brightly lighted corridors,  
Through rooms of paintings old and rare,  
'Mid statues which the soul adores,  
Their glistening marble beauties bare,  
Until at last within a room  
With hangings drawn to bar the light,  
They pause amid its splendor—gloom,  
To watch a mortal's dying flight.

A man beyond his buoyant prime,  
And older than his course of years,  
A life of wealth and sensual crime,  
Of gilded sin that knew no fears ;

*From Out the Shadows.*

A haggard face now filled with thought,  
As memory bares the vivid scenes,  
The evil which his life has wrought,  
The shame behind his golden screens.

And thoughts of far eternity,  
Surge through his nearly palsied brain,  
The terrors of its certainty  
Before his soul, his life arraign ;  
But soon they melt in doubt and mist,  
The scenes of olden pleasures rise  
In luscious beauties which exist  
With ten-fold power to idolize.

His eyelids close, he sleeps and dreams,  
He stands within a palace vast ;  
His senses all aglow, it seems  
Again his youth is in him cast ;



*From Out the Shadows.*

A strangely rich magnificence  
    Surrounds in varied luxury,  
And women in sweet negligence  
    Recline in lovely company.

Thin films of snowy lace encloud  
    Their naked graces soft and warm ;  
Their perfect moulded limbs obtrude  
    In many a tempting, dazzling charm ;  
But strangest of the glittering scene,  
    While in their loveliness he basks,  
Naught of their faces can be seen,  
    They are concealed in sable masks.

An oriental splendor dwells,  
    With sensuous grandeur in the room,  
And music low and sweet, repels  
    All thoughts that may partake of gloom ;

*From Out the Shadows.*

A gorgeous banquet, temptingly  
Its fruits and wines before them spreads,  
While gay and sparkling raillery  
His soul to strangest pleasure leads.

A glow of sweet bewildering joy,  
Enthrills his being with delight ;  
The wondrous wines he drinks, decoy  
His passions into fiery might ;  
He revels in ecstatic sense  
Of youthful sense, and beauty's love,  
Which in their varied elements  
Through all his soul with rapture move.

They dancing, tease and tempt him on,  
Their touches thrill through all his veins,  
And though they laugh, will not be won,  
To share his amorous campaigns ;

*From Out the Shadows.*

His passions throb deliriously  
With wild ecstatic drunkenness,—  
But look—there comes in suddenly  
One of transcendent comeliness.

She wears with sensual majesty  
A form of marvelous loveliness,  
Whose beauty glistens gloriously  
In charms of radiant nakedness ;  
A face of strange mesmeric seal,  
A lustrous bosom's perfect mould,  
And pink-white limbs whose curves reveal  
Delicious beauties manifold.

Upon her head a gleaming crown  
Is strangely twined within her hair,  
Her shining tresses hanging down  
O'er shoulders beautifully bare ;

*From Out the Shaaows.*

And treading lightly as she comes,  
Sweet flowers at once grow in her steps ;  
As glancing here and there, she hums  
Soft melodies from richest lips.

With maddening fever of delight,  
He clasps her in his warm embrace ;  
Her tantalizing looks invite  
His kisses showering on her face ;  
She tells him he is now in hell,  
He smiles with rapt felicity,  
And cries, " My love, if this be Hell,  
" Then give me Hell eternally."

No sooner from his lips have sped,  
The words that call for awful doom,  
Than quickly is the gay scene fled,  
And all around is lurid gloom,

*From Out the Shadows*

Wherein they move as yelling fiends,  
Who jeer and taunt and shriek with hate,  
While in the distance there extends  
Hell's panoramic frightful state.

He wakes to find it all a dream,  
But on a sudden gasps with fright ;  
The self-same beings, round him seem  
To laugh and dance before his sight ;  
While she the Queen, bends mockingly  
With tender glances o'er his couch,  
And whispers,—“ Love, why will you be  
“ So fearful, and why from me crouch ? ”

He struggles in death's agony ;  
The gurgling rattle fills his throat ;  
But by his bed, in constancy  
The spirit fiends of beauty, gloat ;

*From Out the Shadows.*

Surrounding him until life's cord  
Is snapt asunder from the soul—  
The Queen turns round, and at her word,  
His spirit yields to her control.

## THE POET.

**T**HE mind of glowing regal thought,  
That holds the souls of men with  
truth ;

The power of gaze in which is wrought  
All pain and joy of age and youth ;  
Deep tenderness, and passion's strength,  
The bliss and gloom of varied kind,  
In heights and deeps of greatest length,  
Are given to the poetic mind.

In solitude's most lonely hours,  
When mystic meanings are revealed,  
He culls from bitterness sweet flowers  
Whose beauties lay in pain, concealed ;  
The flowers whose perfume breathes of love,  
The love and sympathy which live,  
The flowers of thought, whose meanings  
move  
Mankind, far nobler deeds to give.

*From Out the Shadows.*

His soul is steeped in melody,  
    With glow of visions from afar,  
That breathed in strains of purity,  
    With music's beauty choral are ;  
The hymnings of immensity,  
    Send echoes from its far domain,  
In glory's bright intensity,  
    Which through him echo on again.

But some there are who n'er express  
    The music as it flows along,  
They live in silence and distress,  
    They feel, but cannot tell their song ;  
The tones in all their wonderous charm,  
    Intangible float through the brain,  
And though the pulses throb and warm,  
    They are the throbs of deepening pain.



*From Out the Shadows.*

DARKNESS.  
OR  
THE SOUL'S DESPAIR.

**W**HEN high ideals we would clasp,  
And to sublimest heights would  
draw,

We fall and struggle, groan and gasp  
Within the slime of mammon's maw.

The prickly briars of circumstance,  
Press deep into the quivering soul,  
Their gashing thorns afford no chance  
For nobler aims we would control.

Too oft the hour of agèd thought,  
The tenderness of youth must bear,  
When pain and bitterness are wrought  
Within the life of early care ;

*From Out the Shadows.*

Whose life seems only vainly striven ;—  
This bitter truth still holds its sway,  
“To him that hath shall much be given,  
“Who hath not, shall be taken away.”

Why must we bear sin's loathsome blot,  
If with the world we e'er would thrive ;  
Must suffering ever be the lot  
Of those who truly, nobly strive ?

The mass of millions struggling on  
Beneath oppression's fearful yoke,  
Their weary tasks unceasing con ;  
Their cries are merely breath's dim smoke

Appeals of quivering mute despair,  
That from the darkened soul float out,  
Can find no answer anywhere,  
Which Heaven and Hell with silence  
flout.

*From Out the Shadows.*

There is no sin, 'tis but a name,  
There is no good, 'tis but a breath ;  
All, all but serve to e'er proclaim,  
We live, and all is all in death.

We cope with darkness, for the light,  
A ray, the dreary to illumine,  
But deeper still becomes the night,  
And knells the earnest of our doom.

*From Out the Shadows.*

LIGHT.

THE gloom and horror of the night,  
Cannot forever keep their stay ;  
The deepest blackness flees the light,  
And melts before the dawn of day.

And thou, oh soul, who in thy fear,  
No path of brightness thou cans't see,  
All things at last resolve them clear,  
The morning will come unto thee.

Be patient ! o'er the desert wide,  
Continue through the darkness, on ;  
The lamp of energy will guide  
Thee onward to the rising sun.

The suffering that we here endure,  
The agony we oft must know,  
Are of the soul's disease, the cure ;  
The grandest music comes from woe.

*From Out the Shadows.*

The canker in the dearest homes,  
Oft leaves a blessing in its train,  
And great determination comes  
From opposition's school of pain.

Though much we cannot here discern,  
The higher powers continue still ;  
Their laws in answer make return  
That truth is better known through ill.

The soul from suffering stronger grows,  
To bear the burden of its day,  
And sweet humility bestows  
With cheer on other hearts astray.

Nobility will ever rise  
Beyond a vile degraded ken ;  
The ill and good alike it tries  
To know to govern things and men.

*From Out the Shadows.*

Though wrong entrenched in fortress fast,  
Defies the world, and truth seems lost,  
Yet retribution comes at last,  
And conquering claims a fearful cost.

Say not that heaven n'er replies,  
But look thou deep into thy life,  
And thou wilt see the blessing rise  
From out the dust and din of strife.

For though thou sayest no soul thou hast,  
Thou feel'st the lie within thy heart ;  
Thy instincts in their lightnings, cast  
The proof of their far nobler part.

For death is but a change of life,  
A step from old into the new,  
Whose metamorphosis is rife  
With the effects that here we do.

*From Out the Shadows.*

Then gird thyself with strength of mind  
To judge aright the truths that be ;  
Erelong thyself thou then shalt find,  
Are clothed with conscious mastery.

A PICTURE.

A PACKET of letters, a pictured face,  
With half a year, that has drawn  
apace,

And they've changed the soul in me,  
To a yearning spirit who craves the love  
Of her in the picture, which hung above  
My mantel I daily see.

And a softened grace o'er the lovely face,  
But heightens its beauty in every trace,  
With a lingering thoughtful mien,  
As if the waves of the Infinite's dreams,  
Had scattered their spray o'er her soul in  
streams  
Of purity, sad, serene.



## THE DYING YEAR.

**I**N YOUTH, with the strength of a god,  
He came to the children of men,  
Was harnessed to cares, and he trod  
Full blithely ; but now his steps plod  
And totter—he crying, “ My ken  
Sees the refuge of death, I rest but then.”

He staggers, and stumbles, and falls ;  
The children of men are in glee ;  
They feast in their hovels and halls ;  
His dying, their souls n'er appalls  
But seasons their grand jubilee,—  
What care they for the death of such as he.

He suffered and toiled and is old,  
Abandoned, too weak to make moan ;  
His face seamed with wrinkles drawn cold  
A pathos of helplessness told ;

*From Out the Shadows.*

His eyes with the lack-lustre grown,  
And the soul slowly pushed from mortal  
throne.

A shroud of the fleeciest snow,  
Is brought from her hidden retreat  
By Nature ;—and silently, slow,  
The wraiths of the Years long ago,  
About him, all tenderly meet ;  
But the millions dance on his winding  
sheet.

## THE NEW YEAR.

O'ER hills and plains of gleaming beauty,  
Bespangled with the glittering snow,  
The New Year comes and wins bright duty  
Of tribute, from earth's midnight glow.

The moon-beams tremble softened splendor,  
Aslant the plains, in fleecy light,  
The shimmering snows, more lovely render,—  
The trees are jewels in the night.

The winds and trees and ice-bound rivers,  
The myriad twinkling midnight suns,  
All welcome hail, as Nature quivers  
Amid the boom of thundering guns.

*From Out the Shadows.*

The far deep caverns of the mountains,  
Re-echo with the cataracts roar ;  
The great deep stirs its very fountains  
In the welcome-chorus of the shore.

The New Year comes with joy appareled,  
And sparkling with sweet innocence ;  
The star of morning is his herald  
And lights him with undimmed brilliance.

He comes on morning's dawn, high mounting,  
Through luminous immensity ;  
The coronal of Hope, surmounting  
His brow of clear nobility.

He dips beneath life's quickening revel,  
The buoyancy of freshening youth ;  
He does not see life's staining evil,  
He sees no sorrow in life's truth.

*From Out the Shadows*

With vigor through his soul are thrilling,  
The promises of manhood's strength,  
Anticipation's bright fullfilling,  
That seems of never ending length.

Aurora the horizon brightens  
With choicest colors from her home,  
Ere th' sun in all its glory lightens  
The world from its celestial dome.

## GENIUS.

'TIS e'er said, Genius, highest rules ;  
    It scatters gems from solitude ;  
It labors with such mystic tools,  
    That jealousy and all its brood  
Of evil, lash it with their hate ;  
    They spread with poison flowers its way ;  
'Tis their vast numbers that mould fate,  
    The small minds reign despotic sway.

The powers of art are with the few ;  
    The masses seem but human brutes,  
Whose animal appetites, renew  
    Each day, the lust of gain, which shoots  
Through every fibre of the soul,  
    With its envenomed darts of self,  
That check the noble by control,  
    While bows the world to sordid pelf.

*From Out the Shadows.*

Innate affection, births ideal,  
    And holds in sacredness its dream ;  
But when by Art 'tis clothed in real,  
    It is not as it e'er did seem ;  
The beautiful escapes the grasp,  
    That Art, so eager, reaches forth,  
And ever does Art's noble clasp  
    Hold something of a lesser worth.

*From Out the Shadows.*

STEPHEN GIRARD.

GIRARD, thou titan of philanthropy,  
Thy monument is not alone of stone,  
But built by thee within the souls of men  
With deeds of towering charity, which reach  
Beyond the world into eternity.

Thou wert upon this plane a lonely soul,  
By all misunderstood and misconstrued ;  
The suffering of the truly great was thine,  
But still the waking thoughts of angels filled  
Thy solitude with dreams of noblest worth,  
And thou didst issue forth engarmented,  
With one of God's most glorious purposes.

Thou wert the first in all our land's broad  
scope,  
And, aye, in all the world to reach deep  
down  
In suffering penury, and gently raise



*From Out the Shadows.*

An orphaned race, from bitter helplessness ;  
And placed it warmly in thy fostering care,  
To teach and guide through childhood's  
tender years,  
And fit its man-hood for the stress of life.

The grandest palaces which crest the world,  
With teeming beauties in their poemed  
stone,  
No glories hold that may surpass thy own  
White marbled college, with its splendors  
reared  
As from Love's vision of the beautiful,  
Endowed by thee with lavish hand, to make  
The nation's youth the pride and strength  
of state.

Some day, from out the sons of poverty,  
Shall rise a figure moulded by thy work,

*From Out the Shadows.*

With strength of mind and force of soul to  
cope  
And win the mastery over adverse fate,  
And stand triumphant in the nation's light,  
Full honored, and in honor, honoring thee.

FINIS.



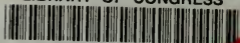




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